



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



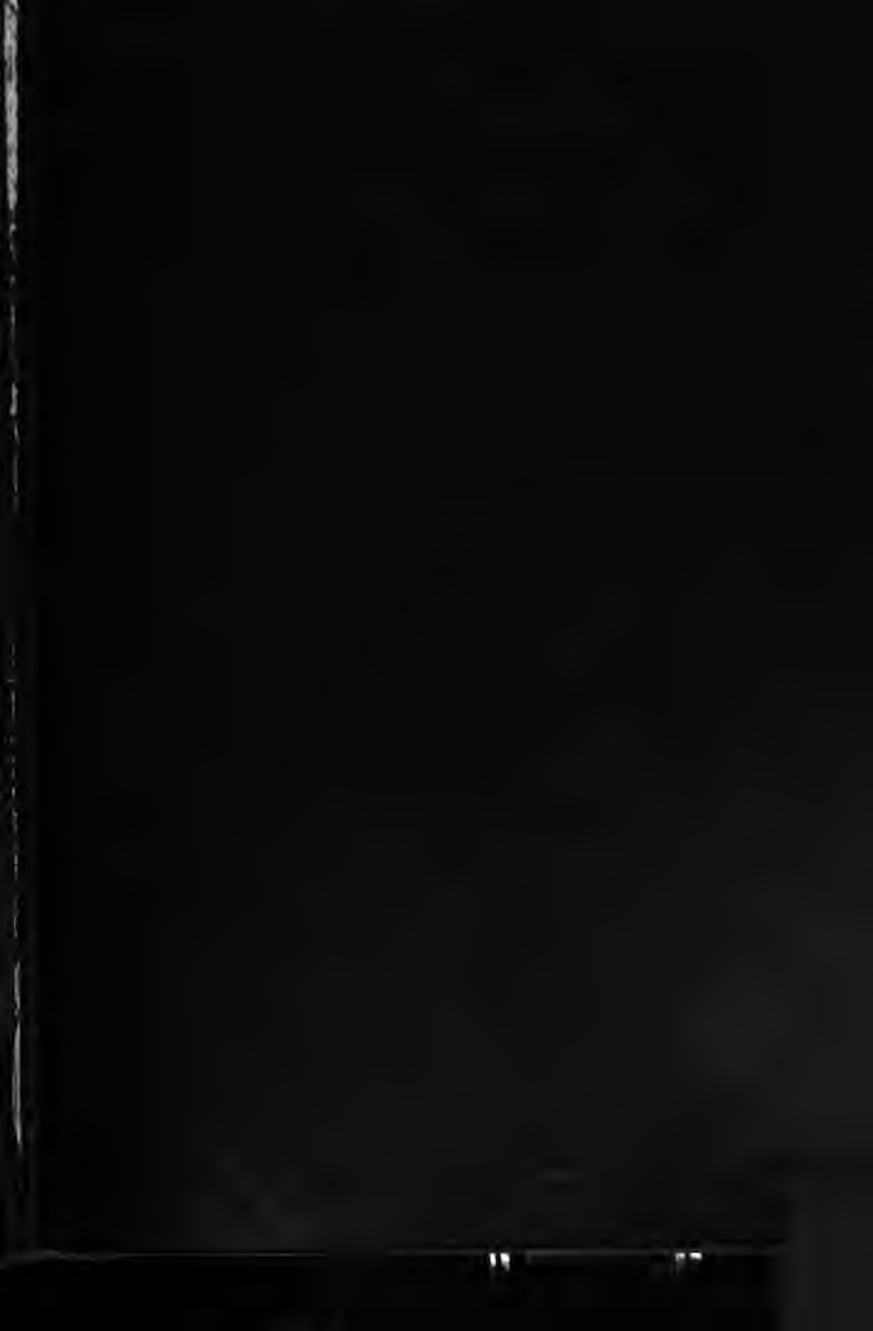
3 3433 06656918 1

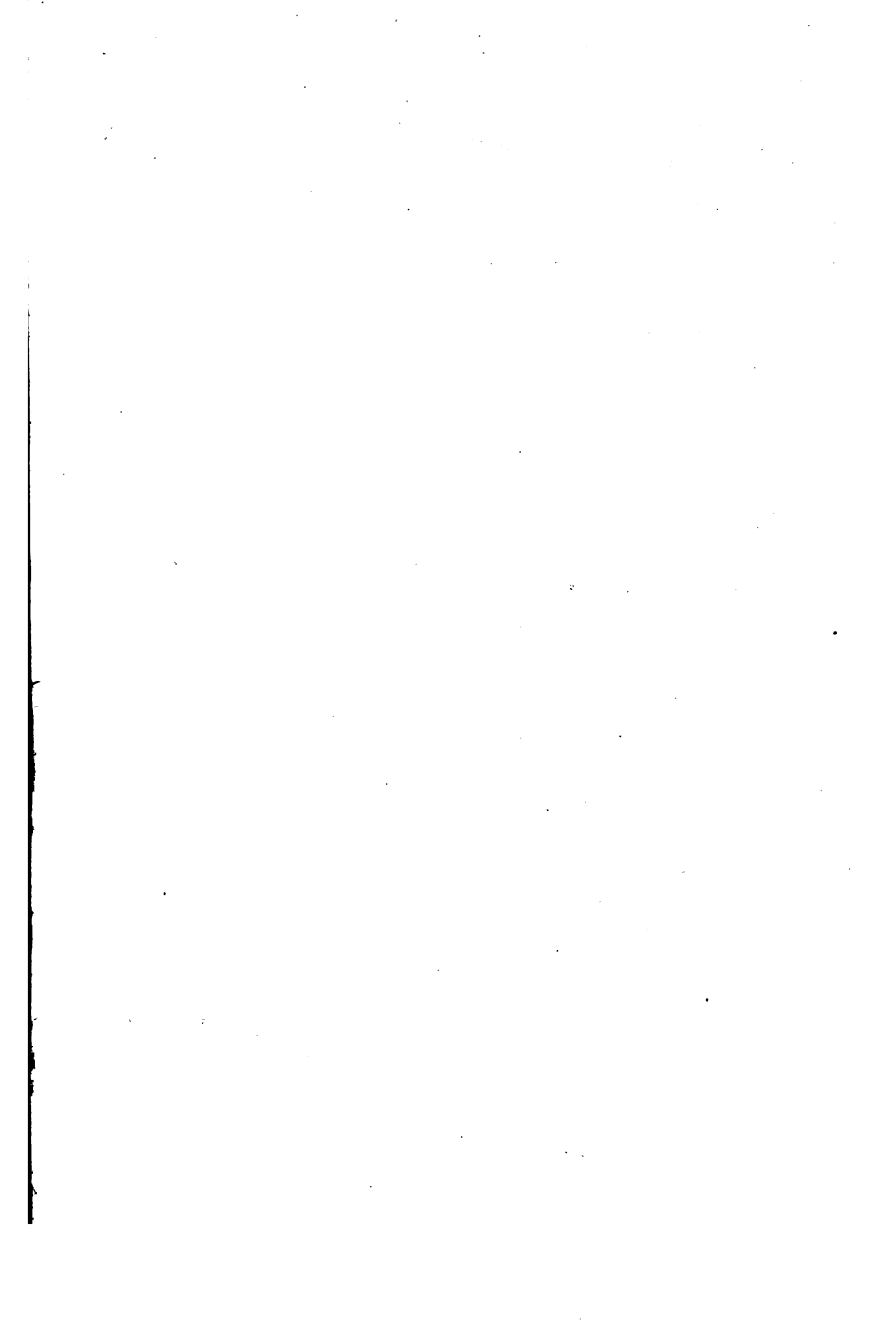
# SONGS OF SUNRISE LANDS



CLINTON SCOLLARD

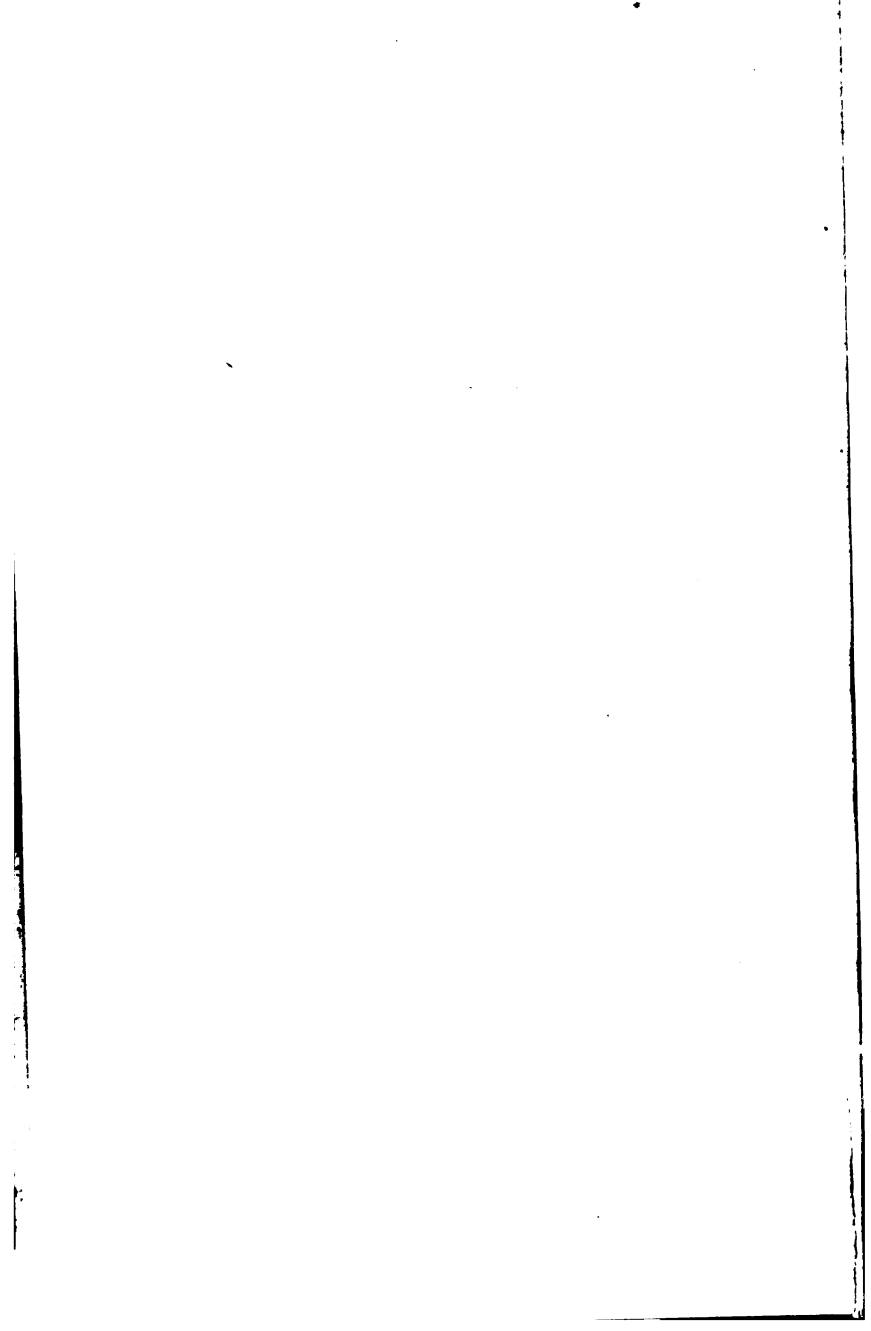






Clinton Scollar Jr.

Scollar  
NBI



# SONGS OF SUNRISE LANDS

BY  
CLINTON SCOLLARD



BOSTON  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND  
COMPANY. MDCCCXCII

*Wm*



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

705232

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

1915

L

COPYRIGHT, 1892

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

ROY WEN  
JUN  
VASEL

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*  
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

Chas. Scotland, Oct 3/15. \$1.25-

TO GEORGIA

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

NOT WAY  
JULIAN  
VAGABU

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
KHAMSIN . . . . .	1
THE RIDE . . . . .	4
THE SHÊKH ABDALLAH . . . . .	8
EASTER EVE AT KERAK-MOAB . . . . .	11
THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASSAN . . . . .	20
MELIK THE BLACK . . . . .	24
IN THE HARARA . . . . .	26
A NILE NIGHT . . . . .	28
A REED . . . . .	30
THE BRONZE CHRIST . . . . .	31
MIRAGE . . . . .	35
THE PRAYER . . . . .	36
IN GILEAD . . . . .	37
THE PALM OF JENIN . . . . .	39
SPRING IN GALILEE . . . . .	42
A SONNET OF SONNETS.	
I. THE NILE . . . . .	45
II. AN ARAB BOY . . . . .	46
III. AN EGYPTIAN NIGHT . . . . .	47
IV. A HEAD OF ISIS . . . . .	48
V. THE PALMS . . . . .	49
VI. SAKARA . . . . .	50
VII. A SHELL . . . . .	51
VIII. MEMNON . . . . .	52
IX. THE OASIS . . . . .	53
X. A DERVISH . . . . .	54

XI. BUBASTIS . . . . .	55
XII. AT HELIOPOLIS . . . . .	56
XIII. THE MUEZZIN . . . . .	57
XIV. THE SPHINX . . . . .	58
A DAMASCUS BLADE . . . . .	59
THE GOLDEN STREAM . . . . .	61
A KORAN . . . . .	63
THE CALIPH'S PILLAR . . . . .	65
SHERBET . . . . .	68
THE MINSTREL . . . . .	71
A PRAYER CARPET . . . . .	73
THE SUN AND THE NEW MOON . . . . .	75
HADETH THE MARONITE . . . . .	76
MUSTAPHA . . . . .	80
E-LIM-IN-AH-DO . . . . .	87
ON AN ANTIQUE LAMP . . . . .	89
SUNRISE ON THE ÆGEAN . . . . .	90
NIGHT ON THE ACROPOLIS . . . . .	93
THE TETTIX . . . . .	97
ORACLES . . . . .	98
A GREEK PASTORAL . . . . .	100
A TEAR BOTTLE . . . . .	101
HONEY OF HYMETTUS . . . . .	102
A FERN FROM THE PIERIAN SPRING . . . . .	105
MOONRISE OVER SALAMIS . . . . .	106
A SHEPHERD'S CROOK . . . . .	108
HYMN OF THE MORNING . . . . .	111

## KHAMSIN

OH, the wind from the desert blew in ! —

Khamsin,

The wind from the desert, blew in !

It blew from the heart of the fiery south,  
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,  
And it kissed the land with its scorching  
mouth ;

The wind from the desert blew in !

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,  
And shriveled the fruit on the orange-tree ;  
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,  
So weary and parched was he.  
The lean muezzin could not cry ;  
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky ;  
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,  
And prone in the shade of an obelisk  
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,



From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,  
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread,

*The plague ! the plague ! the plague !—*

Oh, the wind Khamsin,  
The scourge from the desert, blew in !



## THE RIDE

WE rose in the clear, cool dawning, and greeted  
the eastern star ;  
"To saddle!" — our shout rang sharply out  
by the huts of Kerf Hawàr.  
The dervish slept by the wayside, the dog still  
dozed by the door,  
No *yashmaked* maid, with her water-jar, bent  
low by the swift stream's shore.  
The poplar leaves, as we mounted, turned white  
in the veering wind,  
And the icy peak of Hermon shone pyramidal  
behind.

We had looked on the towers of Hebron, and  
seen the sunlight wane  
Over Zion's massive citadel, and Omar's holy  
fane ;  
We had passed with pilgrim footsteps over  
Judah's rocks and rills,

And seen the anemone-torches flare on the  
Galilean hills.

But our eager hearts cried, "Onward! — be-  
yond are the fairest skies ;  
Where rippling Barada silvers down, the bower  
of the Prophet lies."

So we plunged through the tranquil twilight,  
ere the sun rolled grandly up,  
And brimmed the sky with its amber as Leba-  
non wine a cup.

We dashed down the bare, brown *wadies*, where  
echo cried from the crag ;

There was never a hoof to linger, and never a  
foot to lag ;

We raced where the land lay level, and we  
spurred it, black and bay,

Till the crimson bud of the morning flowered  
full into dazzling day.

The dim, dark speck in the distance grew green  
and broad and large,

And lo ! a minaret's slender spear on the line  
of its northern marge.

Then oh, what a cheer we lifted, and oh, how  
we forward flew,

And oh, the balm of the greeting breeze that  
out from the gardens blew !  
And now we rode in the shadow of boughs  
that were blossom-sweet,  
While the gurgle of crystal waters rilled up  
through the swooning heat.

Pink were the proud pomegranates, a rosy  
cloud to the sight,  
And the fluttering bloom of the orange was  
white in the zenith light ;  
And sudden, or ever we dreamed it, did the  
orchards give apart,  
And there was the bowered city with the flood  
of its orient heart ;  
There was the endless pageant that surged  
through the arching gate ;  
There was the slim Bride's Minaret, and the  
ancient "street called Straight."

And now that the ride was ended, there was  
rest for man and beast ;  
For our trusty steeds there was shelter, and  
grain for a goodly feast ;  
For us there were growing marvels, and a  
wonder-wealth untold,

In the opulent glow of the daytime, in night  
with its moon of gold.

For sherbet and song and roses, with a love-  
smile flashed between,

Recur like the beat of a measure in the life of  
a Damascene.

We will rise in dreams, beloved, by the gleam  
of the morning star,

And ride to the pearl of cities from the huts of  
Kerf Hawàr.

## THE SHÊKH ABDALLAH

*What does the Shêkh Abdallah do*

*In the long, dull time of the Ramadan ?*

Why, he rises and says his prayers, and then  
He sleeps till the prayer-hour comes again ;  
And thus through the length of the weary day  
Does he sleep and pray, and sleep and pray.  
Whenever the swart muezzin calls

From the crescent-guarded minaret walls,  
Up he leaps and bows his turbaned brows  
Toward Mecca, this valiant and holy man,  
*The Shêkh Abdallah — praise be to Allah ! —*

*In the long, dull time of the Ramadan.*

*What does the Shêkh Abdallah do*

*In the long, dull time of the Ramadan ?*

Why, he fasts and fasts without reprieve,  
From the blush of morn till the blush of eve.  
Never so much as a sip takes he  
Of the fragrant juice of the Yemen berry ;  
He shakes no fruit from the citron-tree,

Nor plucks the pomegranate, nor tastes the  
cherry.

His sandal beads seem to tell of deeds  
That were wrought by the hand of the holy  
man,

*The Shêkh Abdallah — praise be to Allah ! —  
In the long, dull time of the Ramadan.*

*What does the Shêkh Abdallah do  
In the long, dull time of the Ramadan ?*  
Why, he calls his servants, and just as soon  
As in the copses the night-birds croon  
A roasted kid is brought steaming in,  
And then does the glorious feast begin ;  
Smyrna figs and nectarines fine,  
Golden flasks of Lebanon wine,  
Sherbet of rose and pistachios,  
All are spread for the holy man,  
*The Shêkh Abdallah — praise be to Allah ! —  
In the long, dull time of the Ramadan.*

*What does the Shêkh Abdallah do  
In the long, dull time of the Ramadan ?*  
Why, when the cloying feast is o'er,  
Dancers foot it along the floor ;

Night-long to the sound of lute and viol  
There is wine-mad mirth and the lilt of song,  
And loving looks that brook no denial  
From a radiant, rapturous throng.  
“ Morn calls to prayers, now away with cares ! ”  
He cries (this *faithful* and *holy* man !),  
*The Shêkh Abdallah — praise be to Allah ! —*  
*In the long, dull time of the Ramadan.*

## EASTER EVE AT KERAK-MOAB

THE fiery mid-March sun a moment hung  
Above the bleak Judean wilderness ;  
Then darkness swept upon us, and 't was night..  
The brazen day had stifled. On our eyes,  
That throbbed and stung, the dusk fell like a  
balm.

We lay and looked and listened. The warm:  
wind

Blew low and lutelike, and a fountain's fret  
Made sweeter melody than all the streams  
That gush from Nebo to far Sinai.  
A strange-voiced bird among the thicket thorns.  
Sang to a star. The jackals loud resumed  
Their weird nocturnal quarrels, and the laugh  
Of some hill-strayed hyena broke across  
The wild-dog's bickerings, — ironic, mad.  
The palms that waved o'er squalid Jericho  
Towered ghostly, and the Moab mountains:  
made

An inky line along the eastern sky.



Behind us bulky Quarantana gloomed,  
And there a beacon, from a rock-cut cave,  
Pricked the black night with its keen point of  
fire.

Demetrius Domian, trusty dragoman,  
Good friend and comrade, hale and handsome  
Greek,

On elbow leaning, pointed one bronzed hand  
Toward the vast, vague, and misty land that lay  
Beyond the sacred Jordan. "There," he said,  
A quaver breaking his deep-chested voice, —  
"There, in wild Moab, Kerak-Moab lies."  
Ofttimes before when day had spent its heat,  
And in the wide tent doorway we reclined  
On carpets Damascene, our guide had told  
Strange tales adventurous, — of desert rides  
Toward lonely Tadmor and old Bagdad shrines ;  
Of wanderings with the Meccan caravan  
Where to be known a Christian was to die ;  
Of braving Druses in their Hauran haunts,  
Where they kept guard o'er treasures of dead  
kings

In cities overthrown. Such tales as these  
Had 'livened many a quiet evening hour

After long pilgrimage. So when the Greek  
Would fain dispel our homeward-turning  
thoughts,  
We gave him ready ear. This tale he told  
In clear narration : —

“ Nigh three years have seen  
The olives ripen round Jerusalem  
Since from St. Stephen’s gateway I set forth  
For Kerak-Moab with young Ibraim.  
My cousin he, a comely youth, whom love  
Had won with soft allurements. He would wed  
A Kerak maid upon blest Easter Day,  
And I must thither with him, — such his will,  
Which I in no wise had desire to thwart ;  
For when his mother lay at brink of death,  
(His father having long put off this life),  
She bade me be a brother unto him,  
And brother-like we were.

“ Before us rode  
Our servant, bearing on his sturdy beast  
The needs for shelter on our lonely way,  
And food therewith, and gifts to glad the bride.  
By Kedrith’s gloomy gorge, and Jericho,

14 *EASTER EVE AT KERAK-MOAB*

And Jordan's ford, we journeyed ; then our  
path

Past Heshbon led us, and near Baal-Meon,  
Where, records say, Elisha first drew breath.  
The fifth day's sun was westering ere we saw  
The antique gray of Kerak-Moab's towers,  
And the all-crowning citadel.

“ A warm,  
Heart-moving welcome greeted us, and soon  
Amid the kinsfolk of the bride to be  
In merriment the jostling words went round.  
'T was Easter Eve. The house wherein that  
night

We were to shelter stood anear a breach  
Within the wall that bulwarked round the town.  
An ancient wall it was, Crusader-built,  
And doubtless shattered by those Paynim  
hordes

That northward surged from arid Araby,  
Setting Mohammed's name o'er that of Christ ;  
And it was here the father of the bride  
Had reared his goodly dwelling. Night was old  
Before we left his roof to seek the door  
That gracious kin had left unbarred for us.

Along the lanelike streets in silvery pools  
The moonlight gleamed. From distant house-  
tops bayed,  
In broken iteration, Moslem dogs,  
But 'twixt their baying all was desert-still.  
' Why should we go within ? ' Ibraim said.  
' Come, dear Demetrius, on this night of nights,  
The last, perchance, that I shall pass with thee,  
In this sweet air let us remain awhile,  
And talk as brothers ; for my life will soon  
Be strangely changed, and though we oft may  
meet,  
Yet will there be another tongue to speak ;  
But now we are alone.'

“ Arm linked in arm  
We sought the breach, and spying in the wall  
A nook where we could clamber, high above,  
And wide o'erlooking all the moonlit scene,  
We scrambled to it. There the hyssop grew,  
And rugged seats invited to recline.  
Then, while he told me his fond tale of love  
Over again for quite the hundredth time,  
I mused upon the future, vacant-eyed,  
Beholding nothing. When his happy speech

16 *EASTER EVE AT KERAK-MOAB*

Had run its course, and silence jarred me back  
To ambient things, my conscious vision caught  
A shadowy glimpse of one swift-skulking form,  
From fragment unto fragment of prone wall  
In phantom quiet flitting. While I gazed,  
Another and another followed fast,  
Till, as I gripped Ibraim's arm, a score  
In sudden sight from black concealment rose,  
And forward gliding noiselessly, below  
Our lofty cranny paused. Anxious, alert,  
We listened breathlessly, and then we heard —  
Just God ! but how we started when we heard,  
And horror-mute stared in each other's eyes,  
That moment haggard grown !

“Then down we slipped,  
And in the shadow by the breach's edge  
Where dropped the wall nigh two men's height  
away  
To sloping ground, with faces set, and hands  
Fast clutching weapon hilts, we stood in wait.  
We dared not leave the breach. The robber  
band,  
Once in the town, would spread through sinu-  
ous lanes

And sow destruction ; and the first to fall  
Beneath their ruthless power might be the ones  
To whom by love-ties was Ibraim bound.

We felt that here their onset we must face,  
And with that onset lift our cry for aid.

Their parley ceased. A moment, and we saw  
Two stealthy forms rise, black against the moon,  
Propped by their comrades on the ground  
below.

Then pealed our wildest shout, and on the  
twain

We flung ourselves so madly they were hurled  
Sheer backward on the heads below. A space  
The band retreated, but when they divined  
That we alone stood guard, while still our cries  
Vibrated down the corridors of night,  
In one close mass they rushed upon the breach,  
Like some huge wave that, when the seas are  
fierce,

Rolls on the ruined battlements of Tyre,  
Clutches their base, and reaches clinging arms,  
To clasp the loftiest stone.

“Then from its sheath,  
Where like a coilèd serpent round my waist

18 *EASTER EVE AT KERAK-MOAB*

Slept my curved blade of keen Damascus steel,  
I whipped it forth, as drew Ibraim his.  
A deadly circle did we flash in air,  
And on that human wave fell vengefully.  
Twice, thrice, we smote, and while, unharmed,  
    I clove  
A fourth black-turbaned crown, I saw two  
    fiends  
Leap at Ibraim. As he slew the first  
The other seized him in his demon grasp,  
And, like one frenzied, sprang through middle  
    space  
Upon the writhing throng.

                                "Along the street  
The tardy rescuers surged. I cried them on ;  
But when they came, the wily Bedouin foe  
Had sought the shielding shadow of the night.

"I raised Ibraim's head : his heavy lids  
Fluttered a moment, and around his mouth  
A sad smile hovered, as he breathed my name  
And that of his beloved. Death was bride  
Of brave Ibraim on that Easter Eve."

Demetrius paused, and leaned upon his palm.  
A sudden wind tore at the tent. Above,  
Black clouds had gulfed the stars. A bodeful  
moan

Grew momentarily amid the dark defiles ;  
The livid lightning rent the breast of night,  
Then burst the brooding storm. But lo ! at  
dawn

Peace smiled upon the plain of Jericho,  
And all the line of Moab mountains lay  
Golden and glad beneath the risen sun.



## THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASSAN

*By Arabian tomes we are told  
He was just, as a ruler and man, —  
The Caliph of Cairo the old,  
The Sultan Hassan.*

One day did he hear of the fame  
Of a builder, and straightway he said :  
“ I will build me a mosque that my name  
May outlive me when dead.”

So he summoned this man to his throne  
And issued his royal decree :  
“ Uprear me a temple of stone  
For the years that shall be ;

“ Uprear me a wonderful shrine  
Where ‘ the faithful ’ of Allah may bow ;  
And glorious meed shall be thine ;  
Here record I the vow.”

*MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASSAN 21*

Then the heart of the builder was light  
As was ever the heart of a man ;  
And he toiled through the gloom of the night,  
And he wrought him a plan, —

A plan of a mosque that should bind  
His name with the name of his lord.  
So the slaves brought the marble they mined,  
And they wrought in accord,

Till the mosque as by magic upsprang  
In its symmetry peerless and grand ;  
And the praise and the fame of it rang  
Through the length of the land.

But the name of the builder was cried  
Till the Caliph grew wroth at the sound ;  
“ Am I naught ? ” he would mutter in pride ;  
“ Am I less than a hound ;

“ And this chiefest of upstarts so great  
He eclipses the light of my throne ? ”  
Thus the seeds of a pitiless hate  
In his bosom were sown.

## 22 MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASSAN

Now the mosque was complete. Without peer  
Was the portal majestic and tall ;  
The minarets tapering sheer  
From the sweep of the wall.

In the court was a fountain that flowed,  
And its pillars were cunningly scrolled ;  
And the *mambar* was marble that glowed  
With mosaics of gold.

“ Call the builder ! ” said Sultan Hassan ;  
They ran at the word of their lord ;  
“ My servant,” he thought, as they ran,  
“ Now shall reap his reward.”

At the steps of the throne knelt the one  
Who had served like a slave at the soil ;  
Said the Caliph, “ Thy task-work is done,  
Here is meed for thy toil ;

“ Stretch thy hands ! I would pay thee full  
well.”

The builder obeyed, in his trust ;  
Then a scimitar flashed, and they fell  
Reeking red in the dust.

*MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASSAN 23*

“No more,” said the Caliph revered,  
“I would have thee to build. I decree  
It is honor enough, by my beard,  
To have builded for me !”

*By Arabian tomes we are told  
He was just, as a ruler and man, —  
The Caliph of Cairo the old,  
The Sultan Hassan.*

## MELIK THE BLACK

WHERE has the Princess gone —

The Princess Parizade ?

The dazzling glow of the Orient dawn

Floods down through the garden glade.

She is not in the room where the air is sweet

With the scent of the attared rose,

And the tinkle of silver-sандаled feet

Like a brook o'er the marble flows ;

She is not in the mosque nor the dim kiosk,

She is not in the almond-close.

Melik the black stands mute

By the harem's outer door ;

Does he dream of the sound of the Sennar flute,

And the warm Nile nights of yore ?

Does he muse on the happy, bondless days

By the desert fountains cool,

When he rode his barb o'er the trackless ways,

Ere he came to be the tool

Of the loves and hates in the palace gates  
Of the treacherous Istamboul?

His thoughts are not afar  
In the wide, free Southern land ;  
He sees, as he saw 'neath the paling star,  
A tiny print in the sand.  
There hangs the slender ladder yet  
Where the daring flight was made ;  
On the water-stair the ooze and wet  
Betray where the boat was stayed ;  
She has fled o'er the main from her gilded  
chain —  
The Princess Parizade.

And shall he bide to face  
His master's merciless wrath?  
Woe on the soul that waits for grace  
In a maddened tyrant's path!  
But list! — o'er the court's mosaic floor  
Creeps one with a panther tread,  
Behind the form at the harem door,  
With the mournful, low-drooped head.  
A dagger bright in the morning light! —  
And Melik the black lies dead.

## IN THE HARARA

UNCUMBERED and supine I lie,  
An azure dome my mimic sky ;  
Smooth, shining walls around I see,  
As white as new-cut ivory,  
Save where one sinuous purple line  
Creeps up the marble like a vine.  
The crystal stream that o'er me runs  
Has felt the glow of Syrian suns,  
And swift through all my being flows,  
Not the keen chill of Hermon snows,  
But such a latent fire as sleeps  
Within the grape on Lebanon steeps.

Now comes my genie of the ring  
A lighted narghileh to bring ;  
Against my longing lips I set  
Its deftly polished tube of jet.  
The quiet water in the bowl  
Seems suddenly to own a soul ;

The bubbles form, and swell, and break,  
And incoherent murmurs make,  
While visions fair before my eyes  
In upward-curling clouds arise ;  
I catch the soothing scent divine  
Of Latakia rich and fine.

Oh, is it strange I should forget  
The world of turmoil and of fret ;  
For one sweet hour should play no part,  
But be a Syrian to the heart !  
Clasp idleness unto my breast,  
And drain the very dregs of rest ;  
Know all the joy that Haroun knew,  
And feel the power of Timur too !  
But dreams have end, and once again  
I rouse me to life's real domain,  
To hold forevermore in fee  
The Orient's charm and mystery.



## A NILE NIGHT.

THE wind has died ; to-day we sail no more  
O'er river reaches widening bright or wan ;  
Languid we lie beside the reedy shore,  
And night draws darkly on.

In no wise strange or pagan would it seem  
To Pasht or Isis now to bend the knee,  
There broods about us, in day's paling beam,  
Such vast antiquity.

Yonder a sacred ibis, grave as faith,  
Stands like a statue by the river brink ;  
And mark ! is that a Libyan lion's wraith  
Come to the stream to drink ?

A wandering minstrel pipes a plaintive strain,  
Then slowly, sadly, lets the music swoon ;  
While, like a lovely lotus, once again  
Flowers the Egyptian moon.

And so to rest, and visions weirdly clear  
Of priests, of kings, of gods with hoof and  
horn,  
To rouse at last from dreams wherein we hear  
Great Memnon greet the morn.

## A REED.

WHOSO shall blow this slender reed,  
On swift aërial wings will speed,  
And 'neath the lofty palm-boughs stand  
Where Nilus lips the Libyan sand.

There was it cut and shaped, and still  
Delicious tremors through it thrill, —  
Low and mysterious murmurings drawn  
From waves on some mid-Afric dawn.

Within its hollow heart there lies  
This mystery of mysteries ;  
Then blow and test the trancëd spell,  
Morn-wrought in Music's crucible !

## THE BRONZE CHRIST.

THE monarch looked out from his throne  
Where the Bosphorus blends with the Horn,  
And he saw how at evening and morn  
The people would prayerfully bow  
To figures of bronze and of stone ;  
And he cried, as he smote on his brow,  
“They worship the image alone ;  
Forgot is the Godhead behind.  
Their prayers are but words on the wind  
That hither and thither are blown.”

Then an edict went forth from the south  
To the north of the empire afar,  
And a herald with clamorous mouth  
Proclaimed it in hamlet and town,  
Till the folk as by rumors of war  
Were stirred, or by famine and drouth,  
For from niche and from altar and shrine  
The Christ and the Virgin divine  
Must be cast desecratingly down.

So rage slumbered hot in the heart  
In Constantine's city, the old ;  
And murmurs waxed loud in the mart,  
And the tongues of the people grew bold.  
But the monarch was firm ; and the more,  
When he heard of the stir in the state,  
Was his spirit alert and elate,  
And naught in his rashness sufficed  
But to cry to the guard at the door,  
"Thou knowest the image of Christ  
Surmounting the palace's gate ;  
Go thou, take thy weapon and smite,  
In the emperor's name and the right !"

The guardsman was pallid with fear,  
For he knew how the Christ was adored,  
But he only could bow and obey,  
Passing forth on his perilous way  
With his hand gripping tight on his sword.  
By the gate was a woman in prayer,  
Who, when she beheld his intent,  
Cried loud to the heralding air,  
Till there gathered around her a score.  
There were crones in decrepitude bent,  
And mothers, and maids who were fair,  
To beg and beseech and implore.

But he gave little heed to their cries,  
For he dreaded the emperor's ire ;  
He saw not the light in their eyes,  
The baleful and dangerous fire.  
The ladder was scaled, and his hand  
Uplifted the merciless brand ;  
A glimmer of steel and a blow,  
And the image fell clanging below  
In the midst of the sorrowful band.

In a moment their grief was forgot,  
And a frenzy possessed them instead.  
Afar from the doom-fated spot  
Would the terrified guardsman have fled ;  
But they seized him in madness, and tore  
His limbs in their maniac might,  
And dabbled their hands in his gore,  
And shouted with awful delight  
That Christ was avenged evermore.

---

A tale of the shadowy past  
Obscured by the mists of the years,  
Where, down all the distance, one hears  
Fanatical echoes of strife.

Oh, why, from the first to the last,  
Should His name, that the spirit reveres,  
Be blent with the clashing of spears  
Where frenzy and slaughter are rife !

Love, love was the creed that He taught,  
And peace, perfect peace, everywhere ;  
The past that is dead is as naught,  
The present and future are fair.  
Could we but see over the tomb  
The flowers of Christ's tenderness bloom,  
Grand, grand were the ages to come,  
For the voices of strife would be dumb !

## MIRAGE

"BEHOLD, behold the palms!" we cried;  
Our lips were parched as though by fire;  
Forward we spurred with swinging stride,  
In madness of desire.

"There will be water cool!" we said,  
"And shade to shield from blazing heat;  
What bliss to bathe the burning head,  
And oh, the rest, how sweet!"

But suddenly — the palms were gone!  
A scorching breeze our swart brows fanned;  
Before us still stretched on and on  
A blinding waste of sand.



## THE PRAYER

THE slender leaves of the acacia-trees  
Hung parched and quivering in the desert  
breeze.

Straight westward, as a starving rook might fly,  
One pyramid's dark apex cut the sky ;

While sharp against the sapphire east were set  
Resplendent dome and soaring minaret.

Beside the way, upon his prayer-mat prone,  
A turbaned suppliant made his plaint alone.

The hot sun smote upon his humbled head ;  
“ *Allah, have pity !* ” — this was all he said.

His faltering tongue forgot the accustomed art,  
And laid his unvoiced grief on Allah's heart.

## IN GILEAD

THIS is the land of Gilead, but where is the  
fabled balm,  
Unless it lie in the placid sky, in the sapphire  
leagues of calm ?  
Here grows no balsam-bearing bough, no  
fruitage-yielding palm.

The dark-browed sons of the desert, they tend  
the flocks that feed  
On the hillside slopes where the myrtle gleams,  
and the mustard wings its seed,  
And they pluck the reed by the Jabbok's  
marge and pipe while the waters speed.

In spring is the oleander fair with a faint pink  
flush of bloom ;  
The jackal makes his home with kings in the  
deepest rock-cut tomb,  
And the fierce hyena's cry is weird in the mid-  
night's purple gloom.

And thou, O Ramoth-Gilead, how lies thy  
splendor low !

Though still does Jedur's fountain gush in  
never-failing flow,

And purl through sweet pomegranate-bowers  
and olive groves below.

Within thy walls, O Jerash, still stands thy  
mighty gate

That oft saw Roman legions pass in gilded  
pomp of state ;

Now they are gone, and gone thy power, yet  
thou in death art great.

Look down, look down, from Gilead ! There  
Jordan winds its way,

And silvery bright the Dead Sea sleeps be-  
neath the tropic day ;

Look up, look up, where Nebo stands, a bul-  
wark vast and gray !

Yet who would bide in Gilead, though cloud-  
less be her skies,

Though stair on stair through crystal air her  
massive mountains rise ?

Beneath the glorious western star *our* blessed  
Gilead lies !

## THE PALM OF JENIN

How fair has been the bland bright day! how  
fair

The emerald hill-sweep, and the blue of air  
Pulsating o'er the earth; the long sweet  
hours

Enlinked with rainbow chains of honeyed  
flowers;

Flowers on the slopes, the plains, flowers  
everywhere,

Anemone, primrose, and poppy-bowers!  
Was ever any day before so fair?

And now that all the west is one warm line,  
The ruby hue of lip-enthraling wine,

And now that flocks wend fold-ward, bleat-  
ing low,

And brown-limbed pipers follow, footing  
slow,

Will we upon the velvet sod recline,

And let across our brows the cool breeze  
    blow,  
And turn our faces toward the red sky-line.

Lo! in the sunset's heart one patriarch palm,  
A silhouette upon the evening calm,  
    Catches the wandering eye that fain would  
        rest  
    Upon the changing wonders of the west;  
And while a bird uplifts a twilight psalm  
    Above his mate in her leaf-hidden nest,  
We watch the black-etched frondage of the  
    palm.

Companionless and solitary now,  
It once had fellows straight of trunk and  
    bough,  
And there were gardens glad with bloom  
    around  
    Where fountains tossed their silver coin of  
        sound;  
Then came the desert's son with turbaned  
    brow  
    And cast a blight upon the fertile ground.  
Alas! one palm-tree only greets us now.

And yet this palm's firm bole says, "I endure !  
I wait the rising day that dawneth sure,

    The day when Islam's might shall be o'er-  
        thrown,

    And all its prowess lie as shattered stone ;  
Then will my lovely land again be pure,

    My hills again with teeming harvests groan ;  
For such a glorious day do I endure."

Would that the coming morn, O stately tree,  
Such dear deliverance might bring to thee !

    But still the darkness deepens. We behold

    The new moon's scimitar of jealous gold.

The Crescent reigns ; the fathomless To-be

    Thy fate within its seal'd heart doth hold,  
And Time alone can speak, O noble tree !

## SPRING IN GALILEE

ONCE more the yearly miracle has made  
The patient earth rejoice.  
Came it when night's purpureal shade  
Hid heaven's canopy, the loving voice  
That bade the green grass break  
Its shining sheath and shake  
Its myriad spears? that bade the flowering  
brush  
With bloomy ardors flush?  
That spoke with such a thrill,  
The blossom-beacons flamed from hill to hill?

Man heard it not, but listening nature heard  
The swift-reviving word;  
Heard, and with one glad leap  
Sprang from forgetful sleep,  
Till now an emerald, undulating main  
Is wide Esdraelon's plain,  
Whereon, while bland winds blow,  
The clumsy camel-craft drift to and fro.

And orchard-girdled Nazareth once more  
Kindles at heart with throbs of young desire ;  
Here are the turbaned merchants come from

Tyre

And ancient Acre, with their precious store.  
And through the bright bazaars,  
With heavy-lidded eyes like drowsing stars,  
A dark-robed, dusky desert-minstrel goes,  
Thrumming upon his single-stringed lyre,  
And lilting songs that swell to joyful close.

And Nazareth's daughters, radiantly fair,  
With midnight woven in their braided hair,  
And on their cheeks the rose and olive blent,  
And in their eyes a prisoned Orient,  
Come, with their jars a-poise  
On queenly heads, down to the Virgin's Well ;  
And there their griefs and joys  
In mellow monotone they tell,  
Bending in graceful languor o'er the pool  
That mirrors them in waters clear and cool.

Could we but roll  
The crowding centuries backward like a scroll,  
These paths would know His feet,



And hear His kindly voice so calm and sweet.  
He must have loved the spring, —  
The resurrection, the re-bourgeoning,  
The quickened pulse in nature's every vein,  
The skyward-mounting strain.  
Fairer to us is all this fairness now,  
That He once trod  
Where swaying poppies burn above the sod,  
And stood on yonder mountain's hallowed  
brow.

Here is the spring-time fraught  
With larger meanings than on other earth ;  
A deeper sense of a diviner birth,  
For all humanity, is caught ;  
And broader life we see  
When spring illumines the slopes of Galilee.

## A SONNET OF SONNETS

### I

#### THE NILE

NURSE of old Egypt, year on circling year,  
When parched and fevered by the heat she  
lies

Beneath a dazzling arch of rainless skies,  
And e'en the green acacia buds grow sere,  
How dost thou brim a cup supremely dear  
And hold it to her lips, until her sighs  
Have ceased, and all before her ancient eyes  
Is fair as erst it was, or far or near !

Whence hast thou this fine potion? Is it  
drawn

From cavernous founts that never see the dawn  
Beyond swart Nubia's furthestmost confines?  
So potent yet mysterious it seems,  
Its source might be within a heaven of dreams  
Upon whose peaks no earthly sunbeam  
shines.

## II

## AN ARAB BOY

THIS brown-skinned boy whose hair in heavy  
curl

About his low and wide-set forehead falls,  
And who "*baksheesh*" vociferously calls,  
Whose parted lips reveal a flash of pearl,  
Is come of those who in the rush and swirl  
Of battle shout, at frenzied intervals,  
"*Allah il Allah*," till the sky's blue walls  
Above them seem to madly reel and whirl.

Ah ! what a lustre fires his handsome eye !  
Already gleams the fate-implanted spark  
One day may kindle to a lurid glow :  
His mouth is set for some barbaric cry,  
His lithe frame quivers wrathfully, and mark !  
His hand is clenched for a fanatic blow.

## III

## AN EGYPTIAN NIGHT

THE tropic night has reached its splendid noon ;  
What magic has bewitched the wayward  
breeze

In winter's heart to scatter balms like these,  
And wake the birds to ecstasies of tune ?  
No dream is this of occidental June,

For mark yon minaret that soars the seas  
Of silver air, and trace the soft degrees  
Of shade beneath the palms that greet the  
moon.

Like undulating serpent-coils unrolled,  
The Nile sends down its tide of tawny gold ;  
While with impassive, never-drowsing lids,  
And scarred, yet smiling, unbetraying lips,  
Holding their speech forever in eclipse,  
The dark Sphinx crouches by the pyramids.

## IV

## A HEAD OF ISIS

WHAT suppliant thought thee sacred long ago,  
O faultless, chilly lips of sculptured stone,  
Making before thee tearful plaint and moan,  
Beseeching thee to ease her bitter woe?  
Was love unkind? — alas! we may not know.  
Above her tomb the sands are piled and  
blown;  
And thou, — thou hast no longer shrine, nor  
throne,  
Nor worshipers before thee bending low.

Thou art a wraith of deity downcast;  
She that besought thee is forgotten dust,  
But Love, or kind or cruel, still lives on:  
Shall *we* leave aught to the engulfing past  
Save empty tombs disfigured by grim rust,  
Or lifeless masks for men to gaze upon?

V

THE PALMS

ABOVE the sand-heaped grave where Memphis  
lies.

Impassive and disconsolate they tower ;  
The peerless skies above them never lower,  
The desert winds intone their requiem sighs ;  
As decade after fleeting decade dies,  
They brood upon the past, — its mighty  
power ;  
To-day is naught ; their life is but a dower  
Of vain regrets, — of haunting memories.

At dusk they change. By Titan hands is  
reared  
Out of the sable quarries of the night  
A phantom city, silent, sombre, lone ;  
Lo ! in their stead loom temples vast and weird,  
Bearded colossi rising height on height  
Around great Rameses and his spectral  
throne.

## VI

SAKARA<sup>1</sup>

A BLAZING reach of undulating sand ;  
No cooling shade, no breeze save one that  
blows  
O'er leagues of desert, burning in repose ;  
A cloudless sky by fiery arches spanned ;  
One crumbling pyramid, grim, gray, and grand,  
Holding within its heart the tombèd woes  
Of dateless centuries, whose pangs and  
throes  
Are vaguer than the shapes of shadow-land.

Could but the serried ages backward sweep,  
The desolating desert take its own,  
And some bright-gloried Memphian morn-  
ing dawn,  
Yet should we see, where now the sand lies  
deep,  
Death regnant on his immemorial throne,  
With silence round him like a mantle  
drawn.

<sup>1</sup> Sakara, — the necropolis of Memphis.

## VII

## A SHELL

WHAT liquid music this white whorl hath heard,  
And what tempestuous, drowning symphonies,

Forever hearkening at the changeful sea's  
Great lips to catch the faintest whispered word !  
Still is the sense of sound within it stirred ; —  
Is it the echo of the flute-toned breeze,  
The siren's song, the waves' wild melodies,  
Or none of these, — or all divinely blurred ?

Lend thou attentive ear ! This vocal shell  
Hath listed Egypt's heart-throbs, and the  
sound  
Of Nile's mysterious voice whose murmur  
links  
The known and the unknown that hath no  
bound ;  
Perchance, — who knows ? — if thou but heed-  
est well,  
Thou mayest learn the secret of the  
Sphinx !



## VIII

## MEMNON

WHY dost thou hail with songful lips no more  
The glorious sunrise?— Why is Memnon  
mute,

Whose voice was tuned as is the silvery flute  
When Thebes sat queenly by the Nile's low  
shore?

The chained slaves sweat no longer at the oar,  
No longer shrines are raised to man and  
brute,

Yet dawn by dawn the sun thou didst salute  
Gives thee the greeting that it gave of yore.

What nameless spell is on thee? Dost thou  
wait

(Hoping and yearning through the years for-  
lorn)

The old-time splendor and the regal state,  
The glory and the power of empire shorn?  
Oh, break the silence deep, defying fate,  
And cry again melodious to the morn!

IX

THE OASIS

DOES sight deceive ? are yonder palms outlined  
Against the lurid sky a desert dream ?  
How often has a fair, elusive gleam  
Of foliage lured us ! Now the freshening wind  
Fans their slim fronds, and shadows cool and  
kind

Await before. The camels scent the stream  
Of welcome water. Soon the day-orb's beam  
Our hot and aching eyes no more will blind.

How soft the greensward is ! and oh, what bliss  
To feel upon our lips the water's kiss !

And hark ! as clear as Hafiz heard in Pharz,  
The nightingale salutes the day's calm close,  
The while we seek the guerdon of repose,  
Our tent the night, our lights the watchful  
stars.

## X

## A DERVISH

LIKE Joseph's coat his tattered raiment shows  
A rainbow blending of its countless hues ;  
The desert dust has stained his pilgrim shoes,  
His frame is gaunt, yet on and on he goes.  
Few are the hours his weary limbs repose,  
Few are the drops that wet his earthen cruse ;  
The path is long, the sharp flints cut and  
bruise,  
And yet at heart a dreamful rest he knows.

His visions are of calm celestial days,  
Of peaceful groves of palm beyond the skies ;  
Forever shine before his ardent eyes  
The fountained heavenly courts through golden  
haze :  
He deems the more he bears on mortal ways  
The greater his reward in Paradise.

## XI

## BUBASTIS

HERE were majestic temples reared of yore,  
Vast marble halls and columned porticos ;  
Here maidens garlanded the sacred rose,  
And throngs passed singing by the river shore.  
Hither long barques pipe-playing pilgrims bore,  
And wine ran bright until the dim night's  
close ;  
Here men sought solace for all mortal  
woes, —  
The goddess held divine forevermore.

Long stilled is now each priest's prophetic  
tongue,  
Sekhet has fallen from her empire grand,  
In formless heaps of dust her shrines are  
traced ;  
Relentlessly sweeps in the shrouding sand,  
And where the sound of choiring voices rung,  
The jackals howl forlornly o'er the waste.

## XII

## AT HELIOPOLIS

A PATIENT ox plods round a water-wheel ;  
A fervent Moslem breathes his noonday  
vows ;  
In clover fields beneath the tamarisk boughs  
The heavy-lidded, clumsy camels kneel.  
The whirling swallows sound their plaintive  
peal ;  
Repulsive beggars by the roadside drowse ;  
One hoary obelisk lifts its scarr'd brows  
Whereon of old a monarch set his seal.

Of all the stately monoliths that here  
Once tapered skyward, this slim shaft and  
gray  
Alone remains, defying hoary time.  
Beyond cold seas, in many an alien clime,  
Its comrades mark the birth and death of  
day,  
And exiled, mourn the bland Egyptian year.

## XIII

## THE MUEZZIN

It is the swift, sweet, Orient sunset hour ;  
And o'er the city, as the daylight dies,  
In melancholy monotone one cries  
An exhortation from a tall mosque tower.  
The almond-tree is whitening into flower,  
A vernal gladness on the garden lies ;  
There is a softness in the wind that sighs  
Amid the branches of the orange-bower.

Two lovers whisper in the perfumed air ;  
A bird's clear melody is heard above ;  
He tells the story to his feathered fair  
The happy twain below are dreaming of.  
That distant call proclaims the hour of prayer ;  
Their murmured vows proclaim the hour of  
love.

## XIV

## THE SPHINX

COUCHANT upon the illimitable sand,  
Like some huge Libyan lion, human-faced,  
The solemn march of centuries thou hast  
traced  
With brooding eyes that seem to understand  
The secrets of the ages, — whose the hand  
That rolls the stars along the ethereal waste,  
And for what purpose suffering man is  
placed  
Upon this orb, to be or blessed or banned.

In elder years did suppliants bend the knee  
Before thine awful presence reverently,  
Beseeching answer with adoring breath ;  
Yet wert thou mute, as thou wilt ever be,  
Enigma, like our mortal destiny,  
Inscrutable as is the face of death.

## A DAMASCUS BLADE.

THIS crescent-shaped and flexile blade,  
With time-dulled, tawny gold inlaid,  
'Neath skies that knew the Eastern star  
Was found within an old bazaar.  
I mind me well, how, passing by,  
We caught the merchant's gleaming eye,  
Where in his dim recess he sat  
Upon his precious Persian mat.  
Urbane he was and grave of mien,  
This patriarchal Damascene ;  
He lured us to his small divan,  
A serving-boy for coffee ran,  
And, while we sipped, he laid before  
Our widening eyes his wondrous store.

There from worn sheaths, once bright with gilt,  
We saw protrude the jeweled hilt ;  
There ivory from Bengal brought  
With Saracenic art was wrought ;  
And there keen steel we looked upon



That like moon-burnished water shone.  
But most of all on me laid hold  
This blade, with letters strangely scrolled, —  
Some curious Koran text, no doubt,  
Bidding the warrior's heart be stout, —  
And, when we took our way afar,  
I bore it from the old bazaar.

He had a deadly-supple wrist  
Who wielded it of yore, I wist ;  
And oft, mayhap, in goodly stead,  
He flashed it o'er his turbaned head,  
When some Crusader, huge and grim,  
In the thick press confronted him.  
Perchance his zealous soul now roves  
In peaceful paradisial groves ;  
His blade — I wonder does he know ? —  
Is nothing but a curio !  
Ah ! what a fate its fate has been, —  
The blade that cleft for Saladin !

## THE GOLDEN STREAM

CHRYSORRHOAS

WHY thy mellow name we know not,  
Given by the Greeks of old,  
For the ancient records show not  
If thy sands were bright with gold.

Clear thou art : no nectar clearer  
E'er a pilgrim's praises won ;  
And the Prophet held thee dearer  
Than the wine of Lebanon.

Men with solemn rites adored thee  
Where thou sprang'st, at crystal birth,  
Strong as though a god had poured thee  
From the urns of under-earth.

Fairer gardens there were never  
Gazed upon by Shêkh or Shah,

Than where thou dost rill forever  
Through the meads of Bessima.

There the apricot blooms brightly,  
And the fig-tree never fails ;  
And within the poplars nightly  
Sing the Eastern nightingales.

There with Love in calm seclusion,  
What were life but bliss supreme ! —  
All its trials but illusion,  
All its tumult but a dream !

Golden river, — stream elysian,  
With thy love-enchanted shore,  
Through my memory, like a vision,  
Flow thou on forevermore !

## A KORAN

MOROCCO-BOUND, before me lies  
A curious volume that I prize ;  
Upon the final page of it,  
In eastern character, is writ  
The name of him who found therein  
A shield against the shafts of sin.  
With long and arduous toil I spell  
Slow, syllable by syllable :  
“ Abdul Hafiz,” — the name I see, —  
“ Hegira-year nine eighty-three.”

My ardent fancy pictures him  
Within a court-yard cool and dim ;  
Around him, grouped with studious air,  
Are many a tiny turbaned pair  
Who con aloud their tasks in low,  
Soft voices while the dull hours go,  
Or catch from off his bearded lip  
The hoarded wisdom he lets slip,

His dark eye often resting on  
The very book I gaze upon.

And though I may not read its page  
As did the ancient Moslem sage,  
Yet hath the Orient tome for me  
More charm than mere antiquity.  
It seems to widely backward throw  
The barrier doors of long ago ;  
And centuried corridors along  
I hear the lute-like sound of song ;  
What touched a chord in Hafiz' heart  
Must have of good some golden part !

## THE CALIPH'S PILLAR

IN the lotus-land, ere the crescent's splendor  
Had waned 'neath the arch of the rainless  
    skies,  
A Caliph ruled as the faith's defender,  
    Brave, benignant, and grave, and wise.

To him came one who outcried, "O Master,  
    I have reared a mosque where the highways  
        meet,  
And the pillared court lacks one pilaster,  
    And so is closed to the pilgrim's feet.

"Oh, hearken thou to my prayer in pity !  
    In the name of Allah give gracious aid !  
Let a pillar, borne from the holy city,  
    Fill the empty arch of the colonnade."

Then the Caliph said, "Thou hast wisely  
    spoken,

From the Prophet's home shall the column  
be,  
And I, in search of the sacred token,  
Will journey to Mecca, beyond the sea."

So his patient way o'er the wastes he wended,  
Till he reached the place of the Prophet's  
birth,  
And there in worship his brow he bended  
At the holiest shrine of the Moslem earth.

And when he had bathed at the healing fountain,  
And humbly bowed at the blessed shrine,  
And when he had knelt on the hallowed mountain,  
He sought a shaft from a marble mine.

He found one flawless as alabaster,  
That gleamed in the glow of the Arab sun,  
And he cried aloud to the fair pilaster,  
"The shining goal of my search is won !

"Arise, O column, arise, O column !" —  
Thus twice he called, but he called in vain ;

Then he raised his lash, and in accents solemn,  
As he smote the marble, he cried again :

“ In the name of Allah thy bondage sunder,  
And swift to the land of the Nile take  
flight ! ”

And lo ! in the eyes of the throng this wonder, —

The smitten column was lost to sight.

And when to his mosque went the builder faring  
In Egypt far, at the next day's verge,  
He found the beautiful pillar bearing  
The writhing mark of the Caliph's scourge.

The years are waves on the tide of ages ;  
Builder and Caliph alike are clay ;  
And empty names on the past's gray pages  
Are all they seem to the world to-day.

But the mosque still stands with its smitten  
pillar,

And men still press through its arching gate,  
To kneel in prayer, as the air grows stiller,  
And murmur, “ *Allah alone is great !* ”



## SHERBET

F. D. S.

FRIEND, ere the golden hours decline,  
Enlink your loving arm with mine,  
And let me lead your willing feet  
Through maze on maze of winding street,  
To where, beyond the gateway, lies  
A bowery garden-paradise.  
Each strident noise that grates or jars  
We'll leave within the packed bazaars ;  
For us the springing fount will show  
The blending colors of its bow ;  
For us the poplars will display  
Their changing silvery green and gray ;  
And neither voice nor lute will tire  
Till stars the dreams of night inspire.

And while in idleness we drowse  
Beneath the bloom-sweet citron boughs,  
One, sandaled as with sleep, will bear  
A draught to lay the wraith of care.

The rare Damascus rose's wine  
Will lend to it a flavor fine,  
And tides of crimson will impart  
As rich as dye the blossom's heart.  
Clear ice the brimming cup will cool,  
Cut from some flawless mountain pool  
On Hermon's massive shoulder, far  
Above the huts of Kerf Hawâr ;  
And oh, what fancies as we drink  
Will greet us at the beaker's brink !

Before our eyes will gleam and glance  
The woven threads of old romance, —  
Those fabrics fair that never fade,  
Spun by the brave Scheherezade.  
And we will list the trancéd tales  
Of plaintive Shiraz nightingales,  
Bemoaning love around the tomb  
Where Hafiz sleeps in scented gloom.  
His exile will Firdausi tell,  
And Sadi weave his blossom-spell,  
While one will chant in liquid line  
His rapturous praises of the vine, —  
Omar, whose fame the years prolong,  
The zenith-star of Persian song.

No vintage-draught soe'er, compressed  
From the broad bosom of the West,  
Can yield the keen delight of this  
Enthralling, roseate cup of bliss.  
Then come, O friend ; quaff deep with me !  
And Poesy our pledge shall be.

## THE MINSTREL

HE played on the single string  
Of a strange lute warped and old,  
And sang and sang till the gray walls rang  
To the ditty weird he trolled.  
Sweet was the languid air,  
The sun was hot and high,  
And ruby-red the pomegranates spread  
Their bloom to the Syrian sky.

A turban green he wore,  
And a flowing robe of white :  
With a rhythmic grace he moved, and his face  
Was black as the Nubian night.  
Why had he strayed from the clime  
Where the scorching siroc blows,  
To sing in the bowers of the citron flowers  
And the red Damascus rose ?

I can but think he was one  
Of that dusky, mythic band

Who weave dark spells in the fountained dells  
Of the swart Arabian land ;  
A genie, slave of a ring,  
A roamer of earth and air,  
At the will of some young Aladdin come  
To snare with a fatal snare.

His visage haunts me still,  
Haunts in the height of noon,  
And again upfloats in wild low notes  
His mystic Arabic croon ;  
It lures me there once more  
Where the silvery Pharpar flows,  
And I stray in the bowers of the citron flowers  
And the red Damascus rose !

## A PRAYER CARPET

I KNOW not when in Daghestan  
He lived, the skillful artisan,  
Who wove in some mysterious way  
This fabric where the colors play  
Across the woof in rainbow chase,  
Or meet and link and interlace.

Nor do I know what suppliant knees  
Once pressed these yielding symmetries,  
The while the turbaned brow was turned  
Toward Mecca, and the soul that yearned,  
Borne by the rapt muezzin cry,  
Soared, bird-like, up the tranquil sky.

But this I know, — foot ne'er shall press  
Its worship-hallowed loveliness,  
For still about it dumbly clings  
A subtle sense of holy things,  
And woven in the meshes there  
Are strands of vow and shreds of prayer.

With kindling morning beams the sun  
Its blended colors shines upon ;  
The mosque domes catch the rays, and lo !  
In loitering lines the camels go.  
A fountain flings a silver jet ;  
A palm-tree cuts a silhouette.

But when night lids the eye of day,  
And sunset glories fade away,  
My fancy shapes a fervent man  
From shadows on the Daghestan.  
Thus, in its compass small, I see  
The Orient in epitome.

## THE SUN AND THE NEW MOON

IN all its majesty of light revealed,  
The vision-dazzling sun is Allah's shield ;  
While slender, keen, unmarred by flaw or scar,  
The fair new moon is Allah's scimitar.



## HADETH THE MARONITE

ON the breeze-kissed mountain brow,  
On the brow of Lebanon,  
Girt by the vine and bough,  
It looks toward the western sun ;  
It looks toward the sun, and the sea  
Blue below and afar,  
On the olive groves and mulberry,  
Gray old Der-el-Kamar.

The well-tilled terraces reach  
The fronting slopes adown ;  
In spring the pink of the peach  
Bourgeons in orchards brown ;  
And the Eastern nightingale  
Beneath in the covert calls,  
Where the curve of the crescent vale  
Sweeps round the battled walls.

In the troubled years ago,  
A tawny, turbaned band,

In the gray of the early dawn,  
Rode up through the mountain land ;  
Rode up through the vineyards fair  
While faded the morning star,  
Till rose in the brightening air  
The walls of Der-el-Kamar.

The guard grew pale at the gate,  
But he bade them halt, nor pass ;  
They charged like a bolt of fate,  
And shivered the bar like glass.  
Through the wakening streets they ran,  
In the glow of the new-born day ;  
They spared nor maid nor man  
In their frenzied thirst to slay.

To them 't was a holy strife,  
A boon in the Prophet's eyes ;  
An unarmed Christian's life  
Was a sacred sacrifice.  
The skies caught up the wail,  
Blood ran like wine from a cruse ;  
Never an arm could avail  
Against the wrath of the Druse.

But Hadeth thought of his bride,  
And his mother, gray with years,  
And he cast despair aside,  
And laughed to scorn his fears.  
“ Yet there is time,” he said,  
“ Ere the last defender fall,  
To baffle the foeman dread  
By the break in the valley wall.”

He gathered the old and young ;  
Their feet seemed shod with the wind ;  
(But a furious shout out-rung  
From the demon horde behind.)  
The break in the wall they reach ;  
Who will shelter their flight ?  
See ! he stands in the breach,  
Hadeth the Maronite.

Boldly he fronts them there, —  
The swarthy, surging foe ;  
His scimitar gleams in air  
Like the arc of an iris-bow.  
Mad is their charge, but vain,  
For firmly he breasts the shock,  
And stems the human main  
Like a battlement of rock.

Alas, for earthly power  
That hero-hearts should fall !  
That wrong should rule the hour,  
And right be pressed to the wall !  
Yet not till the weak who fled  
Were safe in the mountains far,  
Did Hadeth the brave lie dead  
By the breach at Der-el-Kamar.

But none shall slay his name,  
This son of Der-el-Kamar ;  
Set in the sky of fame,  
Burns it a steadfast star.  
While the seasons wheel around,  
And darkness follows the light,  
Still shall his praise resound, —  
Hadeth the Maronite.

## MUSTAPHA

MIDDLE May at Istamboul !  
Eastern breezes blowing cool  
From the distant Asian shore,  
Ruffling water like the oar.  
Sunlight in an amber flood,  
Roses swelling in the bud ;  
Doves above on drowsy wing,  
Every mosque roof glimmering.  
Birds in brambly gardens old  
Piping from the jasmine spray ;  
Everything aglow with gold, —  
Istamboul in middle May !

Istamboul in middle May !  
See ! the Sultan goes to-day  
To his favorite mosque, and there  
Will he pass an hour in prayer.  
What a throng his coming waits  
By the stately palace gates !  
Hither have they madly pressed,

Stealthy thief and beggar pest ;  
Here are jostled, man to man,  
Greek and grave Armenian ;  
Here the Jew receives a blow  
From his ancient Roman foe ;  
And with sullen brows and murk,  
Frowns on all the ruling Turk.

Arms at rest, along the way  
Stands a statuesque array ;  
File on serried file is seen,  
Turbaned with the sacred green ;  
And as far as eye can view,  
Bayonets of steely blue  
Catch the midday sun, and throw  
Back the scintillating glow.  
Yonder marble mosque is where  
Goes the Sultan for his prayer ;  
Yonder carpet fine is spread  
For his royal feet to tread ;  
And this guardian throng must wait  
Till he signs to ope the gate.

While the halting moments pass,  
Comes with ringing clink of glass

One whose figure, tall and thin,  
Bends beneath a water-skin.  
He has caught a curious eye ;  
“ Buy ! ” he cries, “ *Howadji*, buy ! ”  
“ *Moya Täib ?* ” <sup>1</sup> we reply.  
Suddenly his dark face shines,  
Softening all its furrowed lines,  
And a stream, long, long up-pent,  
Has enthusiastic vent.  
We of Anglo-Saxon birth,  
Wanderers on alien earth,  
By this Arab-Ishmael  
Are entranced as by a spell,  
While this story glibly slips  
From Mustapha’s bearded lips ; —

“ Time agone ” (thus opes his tale),  
“ In a Nubian desert vale  
With my people did I dwell  
By a sweet oasis well.  
There was goodly pasture here  
Through the circling of the year ;  
Fruit we plucked from palm and fig,  
And the grain grew ripe and big  
Twice in every twelve-month’s space,

<sup>1</sup> Is the water good ?

In our lonely dwelling-place.  
Here, to cheer each fleeting hour,  
Smiled on me my desert flower ;  
Oh, what happiness was mine  
In that land of glad sunshine !

“ Once as joyfully I rode  
Backward to our fair abode,  
From a pilgrimage afar  
To the gates of gray Gondar,  
Down upon me, fierce of mien,  
Swooped a band of Bedoueen,  
As from haunted heights of rock  
On some laggard of the flock  
Hungry vultures swoop. In vain  
Did I spur along the plain ;  
I must yield or die ! — and then  
Flashed across my wildered ken  
One swift thought of her, my flower, —  
Solace of my every hour.  
I could not, with unchanged breath,  
Look upon the face of death,  
So I yielded, and was borne  
Far away to pine and mourn, —  
Far away a slave, and sold  
For the base Egyptian gold.



“Never did I seem to fret  
Over tasks my master set,  
For within my bosom’s night  
Hope had fixed her star of light.  
Daily did I watch and long  
To escape the captive throng;  
Week on weary week wore by,  
And no less a slave was I;  
Till a midnight revel deep  
Laid on all a leaden sleep,  
When, with soft and eager tread,  
Far into the dark I fled,  
Blindly wandered until morn  
In the gloomy east was born.  
Then, as day was lit with flame,  
To a soldier’s camp I came, —  
In the ranks a man had died;  
‘You shall fill his place!’ they cried.  
Three long years! ah, three long years!  
To my eyes sprang bitter tears;  
Thinking of the days to be,  
Mine was speechless misery.

“Soon we sailed away, and where  
Old Esh-Shâm<sup>1</sup> lies, blossom-fair,

<sup>1</sup> Damascus.

'Mid her gardens, sweet with song,  
Slothfully we tarried long.  
Yet again we sailed, and here  
Came, at dawning of the year.  
I had earned release at last ;  
But my joy was overcast.  
How could I my native shore  
Gain with such a scanty store ?  
Hence behold the trade I ply, —  
With my dripping water-skin  
Threading ever out and in  
Through the throng with ceaseless cry,  
' Water, oh, sweet water, buy ! '

" You, *Howadji*, you who know,  
All the story of my woe ;  
Know my long and lorn exile  
From the land where flows the Nile,  
From the one who waits in vain  
While the warm moons wax and wane,  
Grant me gracious aid, and make  
Kindly gift for her sweet sake ! "

Such the moving tale we hear,  
Hearkening with charmèd ear ;

Honesty we seem to trace  
In his grave, uplifted face,  
And we salve his checkered palm  
With the universal balm.  
Joy illumines his sunken eyes, —  
Then a Greek anear us cries :  
“ He is called ‘ *The sire of lies !* ’ ”  
Turn we toward Mustapha — Gone !  
Like the filmy mist at dawn,  
Faded, vanished from the day.

Blare the trumpets, roll the drums ;  
’T is a glorious display.  
Shouts the throng : “ The Sultan comes ! ”  
Istamboul in middle May !

## E-LIM-IN-AH-DO.

'T WAS in the bazaars of the Smyrniotes  
That we heard the lingering call,  
With its mellow, musical, bell-like notes,  
And its rhythmic rise and fall.  
It soared o'er the camel-driver's shout,  
And the bale-bent porter's angry flout, —

“ O—O

*E-lim-in-ah-do !”*

There were the figs of Omoorloo,  
Large and luscious and bursting ripe ;  
And from a café near there blew  
The tempting scent of the water-pipe ;  
But Tireh's grapes would have hung in vain  
Upon the vines had we heard that strain, —

“ O—O

*E-lim-in-ah-do !”*

Amber, clear as a prisoned ray  
Of the morning sunlight, was forgot ;

Rugs, rich with the hues of dying day,  
From the looms of Persia, lured us not.  
While the motley Smyrna world swept by,  
We hung on the sound of the witching cry, —

“ O—O

*E-lim-in-ah-do !”*

Then out of the jostling crowd he came,  
With his crook-necked flask and his clink of  
glass ;

As keen of eye and supple of frame  
As a Lydian pard we saw him pass, —  
Saw him pass, and above the roar  
Caught the lilt of his call once more, —

“ O—O

*E-lim-in-ah-do !”*

Who can measure melody's power ?

It sways the soul with the same strange spell  
On lovely lips in a lady's bower,  
Or those of a vagrant Ishmael.  
And still floats back, with its thrilling bars,  
The strain from the Smyrniote bazaars, —

“ O—O

*E-lim-in-ah-do !”*

## ON AN ANTIQUE LAMP

DEFT was the patient artisan  
Who moulded thee in such a way  
That thou hast long outlasted man,  
Thy brother, built of frailer clay.

Dim ages since for mortal eyes  
The purple dark thou didst illumine ;  
But they, these fleeting centuries,  
Have known the light beyond the tomb.

Forever quenched thy flaring fire,  
And yet, to us, thou seem'st to cast  
The ghost-flame of some dead desire  
From out the vistas of the past.

## SUNRISE ON THE ÆGEAN

WESTWARD proudly was our vessel standing  
    'Neath the starry zenith calm and cold,  
When the light lines, one by one expanding,  
    Streaked the east with bars of burnished  
        gold ;  
O'er the bosom of the deep behind us  
    In a molten flood the colors flowed,  
For a moment did the glory blind us,  
    With such radiance it glowed.

Rosy were the ripples that ran after  
    Where our prow a gentle furrow made ;  
Snowy sea-gulls seemed with winged laughter  
    O'er our heads to hover, unafraid.  
Amethystine grew the mist banks hoary  
    That on Zea's fertile fig-slopes lay,  
And the templed Sunium promontory  
    Flushed beneath the sunrise ray.

Half did we expect to see, back-flinging,  
Some great altar's sacrificial fire,  
Half did we expect to hear, far-ringing,  
Clear-toned voices of some matin choir ; —  
Such as might have swelled in song sonorous,  
Welcoming the mariners of yore,  
Strophe answering strophe in full chorus,  
Wind-borne from the rocky shore.

Then from out his Orient chamber lightly  
As a lover leaped the sun in air ;  
Under his divine caresses brightly  
Blushed the earth to know he found her fair.  
And it seemed to us, with ardor burning,  
Watching how the land grew glad with morn,  
That we were as wanderers returning  
To the clime where we were born.

And the while our hearts with swift pulsation  
Bounded as our barque beneath her sails,  
Cried we with ecstatic emulation  
Greeting to the sunny Attic dales ;  
Greeting to the mountain peaks uplifting  
In the drifting hyacinthine haze,  
Greeting to the silvery sands and shifting,  
Greeting to the flowery ways.



You may wander all the wide world over,  
See the sunrise kindle where you will, —  
Never, though you be a life-long rover,  
Will it thrill the heart with such a thrill,  
Flood the being with such rapt emotion,  
Fill the soul with such celestial peace,  
As when first o'er the Ægean ocean  
It sublimes the hills of Greece !

## NIGHT ON THE ACROPOLIS

NIGHT and no cloud,  
But the great glory of the Grecian moon  
Above us, and around us her pure light,  
Making us dream of June  
In lands where yet the winds are harsh and  
    loud,  
And snow-drifts still are white  
In shaded woodland nooks afar from sight.

But June is with us here, or more than June ;  
For saw we not to-day,  
Where sweeps the plain from Megara away  
To the brown sands that beach her crescent bay,  
Mowers that swung the scythe and sung in  
    tune,  
And laughed across the wheat  
To maidens sweet ?  
And now  
The soft Ægean breeze that soothes the brow  
Has happy hints of summer largess, blown

From that luxuriant zone  
Where fruits hang crimson on the drooping  
bough.

Ay ! here is all a summer night can give,  
Save regal roses and the nightingale ;  
And who, the leafy season long, would live  
With ear wide-oped to Philomela's tale ?  
Or who would always find  
The rich rose-attar spilled upon the wind ?

Athens is Greece ; and where is Athens' heart,  
That throbs immortal, if it be not here ?  
The very dust is sacred, being a part  
Of her great bosom. Every chiseled stone,  
Each base, each arch, each pillar, placed or  
prone,  
To those who bow at Freedom's shrine is  
dear.

Not less do they revere  
This mighty rock who hold to Beauty's worth  
In fusing thoughts of higher, grander things  
Into the baser minds of earth ;  
For here, with heaven-plum'd wings,  
Had Love of Beauty birth.

Do not the wraiths of the great gods of old,  
Intangible, impalpable as air,  
Here hover in their dumb, divine despair ?  
And what a grandeur shines  
From their downthrown and desecrated shrines !  
Behold, behold,  
How, with imperious majesty of might,  
Against the vast, moon-flooded wall of night,  
The shattered shafts that were the Parthenon  
Loom large upon the sight !  
How flawless once the fluted columns shone,  
When, with grave chant and sacerdotal rite,  
Before the unpolluted altars came  
From th' Eleusinian fane, in windings long,  
A garland-crown'd throng  
To render homage unto Ceres' name !  
Still are there pilgrim feet, and still will be  
While toward the sapphire gulf of Phaleron  
And purple Salamis,  
O'er Attica's warm meadows steadfastly  
Frowns the stern brow of the Acropolis.  
Though the Greek gods be dead,  
The best their worship fostered still abides,  
Eternal as the unfathomed ocean's tides,  
Or as the hallowed soil whereon we tread.

96      *NIGHT ON THE ACROPOLIS*

We may not linger till the night wax old,  
But, ere we turn to go,  
Shall we not greet clear Hesper rising slow  
Above Hymettus, looming black and bold?  
Whence the celestial brilliance of yon star  
That no moon-glory pales?  
Surely above the violet vales afar,  
On shores where surge the occidental seas  
In billowy symphonies,  
It never shone in such mysterious wise!  
Drink in, O wondering eyes,  
The starlight and the moonlight on these dales,  
And on the sacred mountain-tops that rise  
To sacred skies!  
Reach out, O yearning soul, be drenched in  
light!  
Melt into, mingle with, the soul of night!  
This is thy Greece; thy dearest dream is won;  
Thou standest on thy hope's supremest height,  
Within the shadow of thy Parthenon!

## THE TETTIX

Dewy and fragrant was the twilight falling  
Upon the wide sweep of the Argive plain,  
But, from the oleander copses calling,  
No night-bird voiced its immemorial pain.

Yet, clear and sweet, harmonious and winning, —  
Bar intermingling with melodious bar, —  
The tireless tettix with its violining  
Filled all the sundown silence near and far.

And we, who loved the blithe note of the cricket  
Beside the hearth when autumn days were  
bleak,  
Hearing this home-like sound from mead and  
thicket,  
Felt in our hearts a kinship for the Greek.

## ORACLES

BEFORE the birth-song of the Galilean  
Thrilled through the spheres afar,  
Long ere the echo of that sweet peace pæan  
Was borne from star to star,

Men sought from prophets, priests, and statues  
graven,  
To gain some gleam of light  
That should illumine the future's pathway, paven  
With shadows dark as night.

Far in the heart of Libyan deserts arid  
Was Ammon's altar reared ;  
And long and patiently the pilgrims tarried  
To list the voice they feared.

The laureled Pythian priestess of Apollo,  
From hills that Delphi crown,  
Inspired by breathings from her cave's black  
hollow,  
Sent her weird visions down.

Dodonian oaks, through whom low tongues  
    seemed crying  
To every wandering breeze,  
Drew, by their power of wondrous prophesying,  
Strange folk far over seas.

Happy were they who dreamed of no deceiv-  
    ing,  
Whate'er the worshiped shrine,  
Who lived undoubting lives out, still believing  
In tokens sibylline.

Shall we, who bow before the one eternal  
And gracious Godhead, hold  
In scorn what they deemed sacred in those  
    vernal  
Sweet Grecian days of old?

Ah, no, for while its lustrous light outflinging,  
Clear gleams the morning star,  
The vocal trees, the free birds' rapturous sing-  
    ing,  
Will be oracular !



## A GREEK PASTORAL

THE sky is like a sea without a shore ;  
Both fruit and blossom gleam upon the lime ;  
The bees are murmurous in the fragrant  
thyme,  
Gathering honey for their winter store.  
Yon gentle slope is like a flowery floor,  
With lavish cistus bloom as white as rime ;  
Among the boulders gray the spry goats  
climb,  
And up the air the swift-winged swallows soar.

It is the drowsy hour when Pan of old  
Dreamed in the shade, when shepherds  
strayed abroad  
And wooed with song, nor watched the  
young lambs feed ;  
Sleep still enthalls the vision-haunted god,  
While clear as ever lover piped, and bold,  
Young Thyrsis pipes upon his oaten reed.

## A TEAR BOTTLE

For Daphne were the tear-drops shed

With which this tiny urn was wet,  
The while they wove about her head  
Sweet sprays of Delphian serpolet ?

And did they place it in her tomb, —

This sad libation of their tears, —  
The maids whose fair cheeks wore the bloom  
Of tenderly unfolding years ?

And did he come, the one whose heart

In hers responsive love had found,  
And stand, with quivering lip, apart  
From all the mourners gathered round ?

“ A figment of the brain,” you say,

“ An idle rhymer’s idle rhyme ;”  
And yet how grief can sweep away  
The shadowy barriers of time !

## HONEY OF HYMETTUS

DID you dream last year that we  
E'er should tread the myrtled lea,  
    E'er should taste the amber honey  
Of the Hymettean bee ?  
    Yet to-day we blithely rove  
    Through this gnarl'd Grecian grove,  
    While below us, broad and sunny,  
Booms the blue Ægean Sea.

Yonder, purple in the wide  
Lustrous light of noonday-tide,  
    Lie the flowery reaches fragrant  
Where the nectar-gatherers bide ;  
    Cyclamen, anemone,  
    Asphodel a-swinging free,  
    Do they drain, each wing'd vagrant,  
Haunting all the long hillside.

Vainly, vainly, did we seek  
For the splendor of the Greek,

For some remnant of the glory  
Of the mythic time antique.

Now the Parthenon is rent,  
Th' Eleusinian fane is shent,  
And Ilissus, great in story,  
Is the ribbon of a creek.

But thy heights, Hymettus, yield  
All the largess they concealed

When the warrior faced the foemen,  
With the spear and with the shield.

This they could not bear away,  
Those that made thy land a prey, —  
The Venetian, Turk, and Roman,  
Pilfering thy fertile field.

Though the Greeks that wander now  
Underneath the laurel bough,

By the shore on sands Ægean,  
With a louder praise endow

Honey stilled by island bees  
On the slopes in middle seas, —  
Honey drained from blossoms Zean,  
Bright on many a mountain brow ;

Yet will we with fervor sing,  
Thine our lyric offering,  
    Golden bounty of Hymettus,  
Luscious treasure of the spring!  
    Not for us the nectar bland  
    Of the fruitful island-land ;  
    Swell the olden greetings ; let us  
Strike anew the Orphic string !

Join the chorus, ye who will !  
“Honey of Hymettus hill,”  
    Dew divine through unseen portal  
Poured the chalice-blooms to fill !  
    What rare opulence is ours ! —  
    Essence of Elysian flowers,  
    Sacred to the bards immortal,  
We will hold it sacred still !

## A FERN FROM THE PIERIAN SPRING

THIS fragile fern-frond has for me  
The illusive charm that some songs hold,  
For it once heard the melody  
Of that famed fount of old.

The stern gray walls are wasted now,  
That saw the wide gulf's azure span,  
And riots the wild fig-tree bough  
O'er shrines Corinthian.

Yet still the spring wells, cool and clear,  
As in far Sophoclean time, —  
A draught divine, and to the ear  
A silver rill of rhyme.

Here was the Muses' fair demesne,  
And still they tend the crystal urn,  
Keeping the love of song as green  
As this frail frond of fern.

## MOONRISE OVER SALAMIS

BACK from o'erthrown Corinthian shrines we  
came ;

The day had died in flame ;  
The purple mountains one by one grew black  
As some dense thunder-wrack,  
And like a meteor among the stars  
Flamed the red war-orb, Mars.

With sweet monotony of silvern sound  
Did the warm waves rebound, —  
The fond, dark waves caressing the curved  
shore.

There was no noise of oar,  
But from the olives, rapturous notes and swift  
Did one lone night-bird lift.

Then o'er the isle's dim brow did we behold  
A radiant blade of gold,  
That grew by gradual increase, till it hung  
In middle air, and flung

From its resplendent arc such lines of light  
That night was no more night.

This moon-bright isle, this moon-bright bay-  
sweep, — this  
Was glorious Salamis,  
Where Persia's boasted pomp of empire fell  
Sheer to defeat's grim hell ;  
And where, heroic o'er the rout-strewn seas,  
Towered grand Themistocles.

Dimmed by the magic moonlight, from its  
throne  
Paler the war-star shone ;  
No serried oar-banks did we see arise,  
We heard no battle-cries ;  
Yet vague the breathing present seemed to us, —  
The past was luminous.

We marked the fragrant smoke of sacrifice  
Mount to the moonlit skies ;  
We felt the great heart-gratitude that laid  
Its touch on youth and maid ; —  
May we not thus re-live, in joys and woes,  
9 Our earlier lives, — who knows ?



## A SHEPHERD'S CROOK

Not on the hills of old,  
In a shaggy-haired capote,  
Did he tend the sheep and goat,  
And drive them into the fold  
With the sturdy crook I hold.  
Flesh and blood is he now,  
Bronzed by the sun and strong  
As his nimble-footed flock ;  
And he loves the mountain's brow,  
The gorge and the beetling rock,  
The brook and the wild bird's song ;  
For he comes of the hardy stock  
That roamed over Arcady  
When the Persian crossed the sea.

Wave but this as a wand, —  
This crook of the shepherd wight, —  
And sudden from out the sight  
The Near will waver and fail ;  
Now, in the changing light,

See, there rises a land  
Arched with a sapphire bright,  
Billowed with hill and vale !  
“ Arcady ’s dead,” you say ;  
Lo ! we are there to-day.

Here, with his sheep around,  
Is the shepherd tawny-faced,  
With his leggings tightly laced,  
And his russet cape awry,  
And his lithe waist girdle-bound ;  
Here is ore from the sky,  
Fresh from the mines of the sun, —  
An open asphodel bell ;  
And there, where the waters run  
Dancing down to the dell,  
The myrtles change their sheen  
From silver to tremulous green ;  
And she, — she walks by my side,  
Like a goddess steadfast-eyed.

We have our Arcadies — all ;  
They spring at the charmèd call.  
A ribbon, a rose, a ring,  
Some half-remembered rhymes,

To the empty heart will bring  
The vision of golden times ;  
A wafture of faint perfume,  
A ray through a darkened room,  
The merry laugh of a brook,  
The wave of a shepherd's crook ;—  
Come, then, away with me  
To the land of Arcady !

## HYMN OF THE MORNING

### I.

Of old,  
When all the east was lit with Morn's first gold,  
And slumbering Thebes awoke,  
And splendors through her pillared porches  
    broke, —  
Torches of crimson, tongues of amethyst,  
That arch and column kissed, —  
When burst these glories, then  
A song of aspiration,  
A chant of inspiration,  
The mouth of Memnon spoke unto the sons of  
    men.

### II.

The wakening desert heard,  
And that resplendent bird,  
The pink flamingo, flying fleet and far ;  
And drowsing at the oar,  
The chained slave, laboring sore,

### III

Whom night had blessed not from her restful  
star.

Through every door  
That sound its summons bore ;  
“ Arise ! ” it said, — a mighty trumpet call  
To one and all ;  
A call to breast the strife,  
And struggle foremost in the van of life ;  
Not for the low and base,  
But to exalt the race.

## III.

Memnon is silent now,  
And Thebes stands spectral on the desert's  
brow.

But we,  
Beyond the unsounded sea,  
Hear Dawn's memnonic voice from stream and  
tree,  
From upland, vale, and lea.  
Hark ! how they greet the morn,  
As though a god were born ! —  
The patriarchal poplar, spiring high,  
The spreading elm, a spraying fount of shade,  
The stanch maternal maple, great of thigh,

The arrowy pine, as sinewy as a blade.  
Theirs is the rousing call that Memnon made ;  
The roving winds are heralds of their speech,  
But the deep truths they teach  
On dull souls fall with meaning lightly weighed.

IV.

Long, long ago,  
A poet's prophet soul,  
Where ocean's waters roll  
Round Albion's cliff-girt isle with tireless flow,  
Proclaimed a newer Orient should be  
Unshackled, free,  
Between the eastern and the western sea,  
Where all the arts  
Should flower in human hearts, —  
Religion, science, song, —  
And want should die, and sanguine war, and  
wrong.

V.

Look forth on every hand !  
Here lies the Morning-land,  
The grand, the new !  
No sunset clime is this,

But Dawn's supernal apotheosis ;  
Yet has indeed the prophecy come true ?

## VI.

They hearkened not of yore to Memnon's call,  
And lo ! above their fall  
The obliterating desert sands are blown,  
And the wild dogs make moan.  
They reared themselves huge idols ; set their  
store  
On pleasure and the siren light of gold ;  
The power of place was more  
Than righteousness. The great was bought  
and sold,  
Till Justice shrank abashed before the base  
and bold.  
Still others saw, and heard  
The sunrise-spoken word,  
But heeded not, and now  
They are as Thebes upon the desert's brow.

## VII.

While eastern skies are grandly luminous,  
Shall we not list the mighty call to us ?  
Great Memnon-nature calling through her rills,

Her everlasting hills,  
Her choral forest aisles,  
Her billowy meadow miles,  
Her soaring birds, her blooms,  
Her colors, her perfumes,  
Her winds, her showers, her waves,  
Her echo-breathing caves?

## VIII.

It is the Morning-spirit that uplifts ;  
Turn toward her !  
Yearn toward her !  
Not the cloud-banks, but the azure rifts ;  
Not the shadow, but the glow ;  
Not the stagnance, but the flow ;  
The lofty, not the low, —  
Such be the creed  
To meet our need.

## IX.

As the lotus on Nile's broad bosom longs deep  
for the sky,  
As papyrus reeds lean to the current that mur-  
mureth by,



As the citron leaves tremble to songward when  
    nightingales sing,  
As the camel alone in the desert is drawn to-  
    ward the spring,  
As the foal of the Nedjidee Arab turns, sleep-  
    less and sure,  
Toward the path whence its mother will leap  
    with its cry for a lure,  
Let us face toward the Morn, for the breath of  
    the Morning is pure !

## X.

And let us climb upon aspiring feet  
The soaring heights, and be the first to greet  
The apocalyptic outburst that sublimed  
The wide unrolling of our clime of climes !  
The vales are lovely, but to him who stands  
Above the thralldom of the lower lands  
The fairest revelations are made known ;  
Yet not to scale these earthly heights alone  
Our powers should bend, but heights of mind  
    and soul,  
If we would make of man a perfect whole ;  
Upon those sacred summits far more clear

The penetrating rays of Truth appear.  
Her beams will conquer ; those upon the height  
Should be the strenuous bearers of the light,  
Dispelling empty phantoms of the night.

XI.

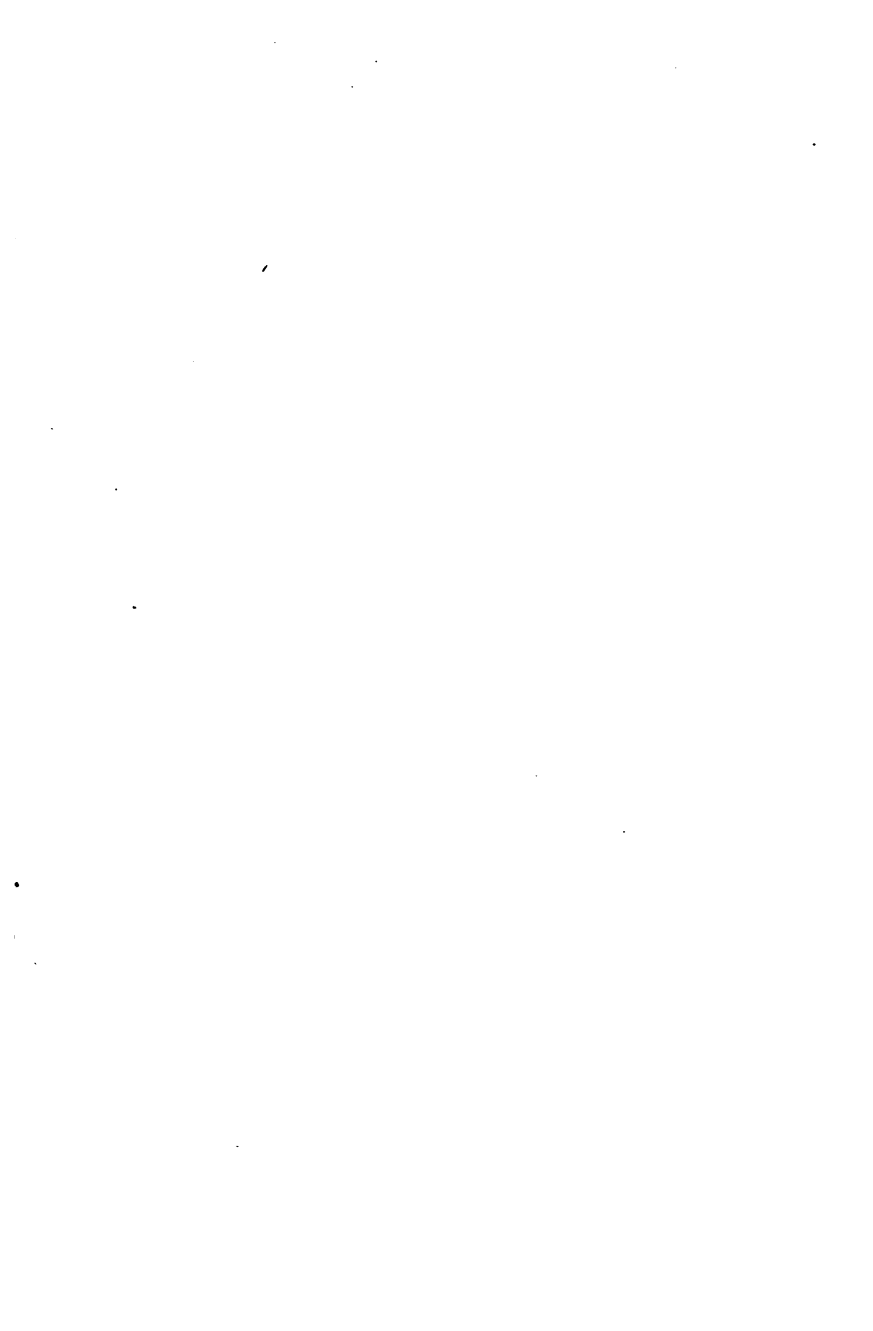
All great souls gone,  
How they faced the Morning,  
And wrought with might for the Truth and  
God !  
They welcomed the Dawn,  
And the cry of warning,  
And smote at wrong with a cleaving rod.  
They tended the fires  
Upon Progress' altar,  
And theirs was the zeal that the martyrs  
made ;  
In their high desires  
There was none to falter  
With the lifted voice, or the lifted blade.

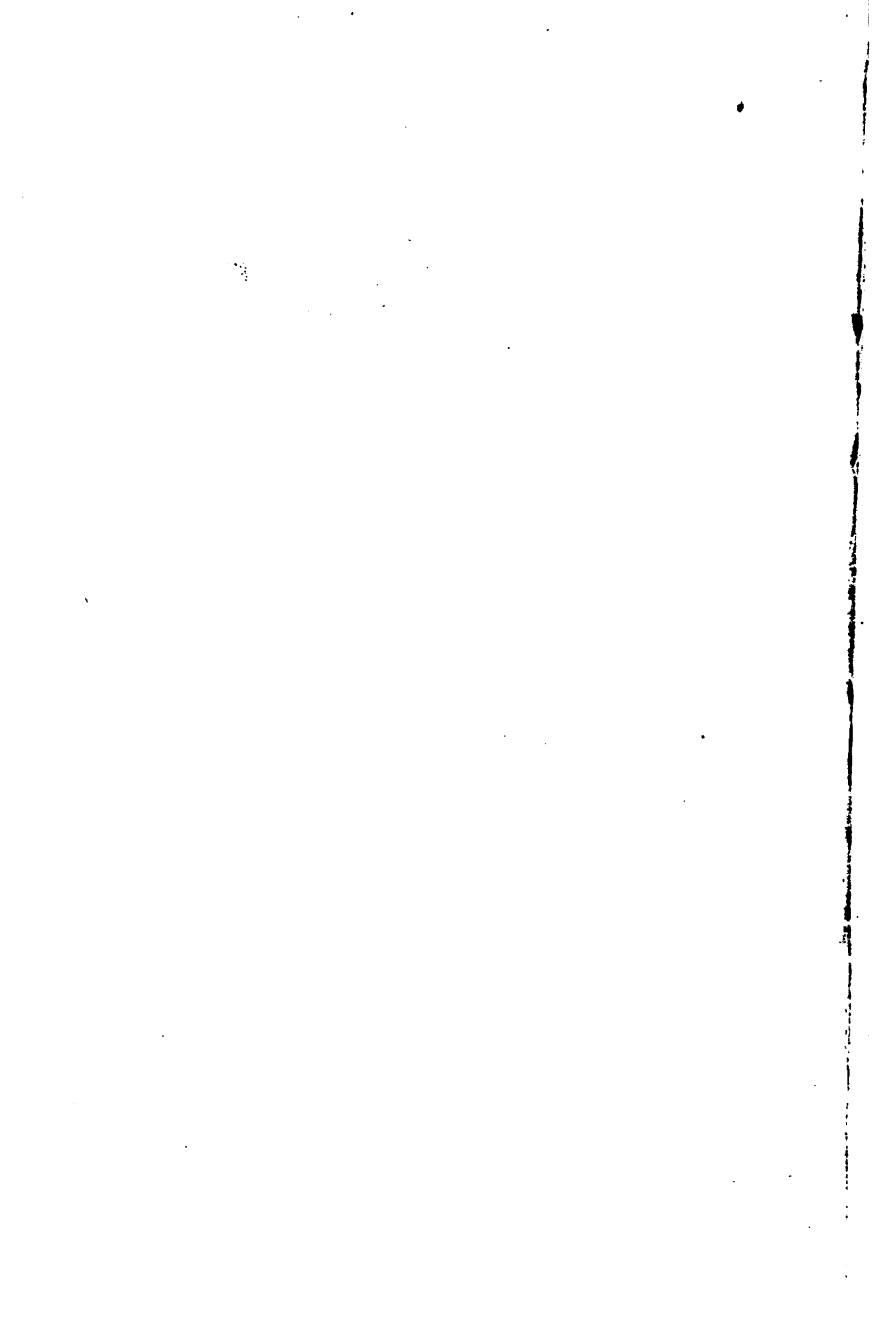
XII.

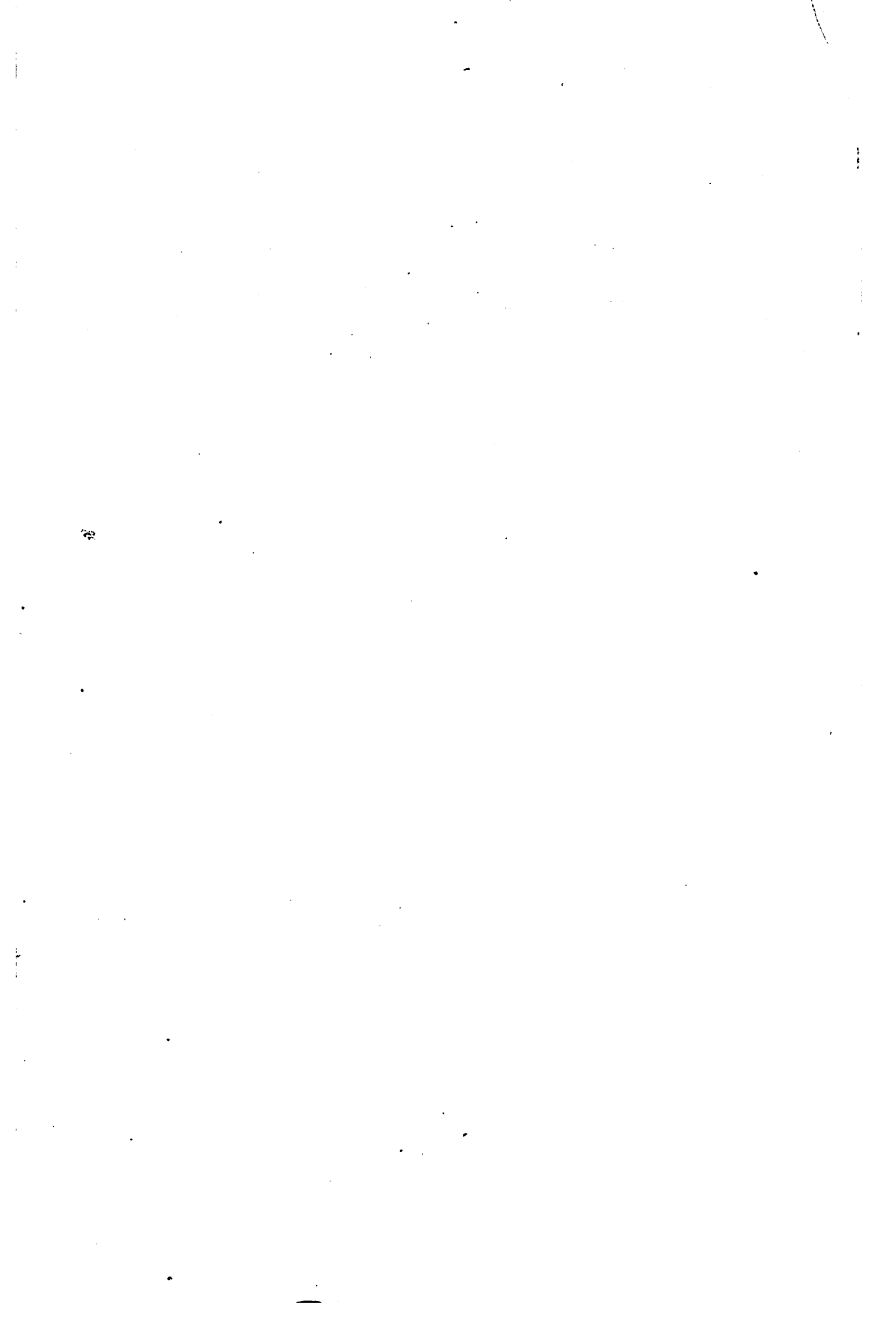
Then cry, O Memnon, cry !  
Exhort and prophesy,  
That we may keep our Morning-heritage

118      *HYMN OF THE MORNING*

So pure from age to age  
That no obscuring blight  
May dim its widening light,  
But it may shine, of lands the fairest born,  
When bursts o'er earth the everlasting Morn.







THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building

UL 30 1916

JAN 1 1 1916





